

Sapartons Alarum, to all such as do beare

The name of true Souldiers, in England, or els wheare.



A Mars his men drawe neere,
that warlike seates embrace,
Sit downe a while, & harken heere,
a seruinge Souldiers case.

Laye downe the shiuered Speare,
and eke the battered shilde,
from Trumpets sound withdraw thine eare,
and harke in open field.

The true complaint of one,
whose gaine by seruice got
Will scarcely yelde a hungry Boone,
to cast into the pot.

If euer warlike wighte,
hath serued his time in baine:
In hope to haue bin well requighte,
and hath receiued disdaine.

In faith then I am he,
such one that for my parte
Haue ready bin full willingly,
with hand, and eke with harte.

To serue my Prince in fiede,
whiles life had bearing breath,
As one that minded not to yelde,
nor forced life or death.

The fiery Cannons thump,
the cragged Skull that rines:
Whose force by inwarde charge is wonte,
to spoyle poppe Souldiers liues.

Could neuer force me yet,
the enemies face to wonne:
If Captaines courage seemed fit,
the conquest to haue wonne.

And for the time perchaunce,
I was accepted then,
And promised to haue aduance,
as soone as other men.

I speake as founde I haue,
what thoe I am contente:
for Saparton now wareth graue,
Some youthfull yeares are spent.

Tis not the curled head,
nor yet the frilled heare:
That courage giues in time of neede,
to weld thunweldy Speare.

Some youthfull Jmps I knowe,
that beares a passing grace:
If they to pitched fiede should goe,
durst scarcely shew their face.

But when that all is don,
Tis manhood makes the man:
Watch not the Candell with the Sunne,
no praise deserue you than.

If courage craues a fame,
remaining in the breast:
Then manhood needes must make his claime
for to excell the reste.

Though Venus strite with Mars,
to get the upper grounde:
At length yet shall the barbed Horse,
exceede both Hauke and Hounde.

And Lustie Laddes to you,
let not your courage quell:
Good hap hereafter may ensue,
though I good hap do sell.

Coaste on apace althoe,
Light Horseman trace the soyle:
Encounter sharply with thy foe,
Make hauocke of the spoyle.

Esteeme not my yll hap,
Nor weye it ought at all,
The wight that escapes the Cannons clap,
Runnes yet to further thrall.

O Mars, betwaile thy man,
Because he hath suche wronge,
In dolefull tunes, Drustick Pan,
Now helpe to waile this songe.

So thus my leaue I take,
O Souldier now farewell:
No more to do now will I make,
but God preferue Queene **EL.**

FINIS. John Saparton.

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don, in fleetestrete, by William How,
for Richard Iohnes, and are to
be solde at his shoppe
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house

